A MODERN MERCENARY.

By E. AND H. HERON.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Massau is a little duchy in Europe which has thus far mandamed its independence because of the jeniouses of the large commisses, interfational additional region of the large commisses, interfational additional region of the large commisses and the little State seems about to be smallowed up. Germany is represented at Revonde, the capital, by one of her shrewdest statesment, haron you Einur. Emplants influence is felt to be great, and the presence of Major Commeller means much. It was through the Massau frontier man, had served seem sears in the Massau frontier man, had served seem a plant to resign his commis-Counsellor that John Rail wood, a fellow country-man, had served seven versar in the Massau frontier cavalry, it allowed is about to resign his commis-sion when Selpdorf, the Chancellor, and "man of the hour, semil-for him and makes him a Gentle-man of the Guart, juring the visit to the relace Railywood meets Von Elmur and Valorie Schedorf, the Chancellor's daughter. The Gentlemen of the Guard obset to the appointment of Railywood, and Undar, one of the leaders and a suitor for Valerie's hand, plans to kill the stranger. At the paisee has hand, plans to kill the stranger, At the paisee has hand, plans to kill the stranger. At the paisee has hand, plans to kill the stranger, and the paisee has hand, plans to kill the stranger. At the paisee has hand, plans to kill the stranger, at the paisee has hand, plans to kill the stranger. At the paisee has hand, plans to kill the stranger at the paisee has hand the promises him the last dance, which will not state place usuit after the "affair" involving the bonor of the Guard has been settled.

CHAPTER V-CONTINUED.

GOOD LUCK AND A FIREFLY. - Rally wood did not dance again; he contented himself with following the movements of the black domino. After a time she joined a little group of people with whom she stood talking. me of the group presently detached himself and glanced round as it searching for some one. It was Unziar of the Guard. He quickly perceived Hallywood and at once came toward

him.
"Allow me to recall myself to your memory. Capt. Rallywood; I am Unziar of the Guard, he said, bowing, both soice and bow touching that extreme of punctiliousness which in itself

constitutes an insolence.
"The Guard are said to have long memories. I hope in that particular, at least, if in no other, to support their traditions," replied Rallywood with an air of cool and serone indifference said to be impossible to any but men of his race.

That is something," rejoined Unziar with a smile that belied his name. "We are some-what existent in the Guard. We ask for more than a long memory-a long pedigree, for example, and a long sword," "I have heard that also."

Unziar glanced sharply at him out of his pale, keen eyes. The fellow was too non-committal to please his taste. To hound a coward out of the corps promised infinitely less difficulty and enjoyment than he had hoped for when he pledged himself to rid the Guard of the Englishman. For perhaps the only time in his life he wished he wore any uniform but the telltale green and gold, for he knew of the Guard that it was often their "great name that conquered. Spurred by this thought, he looked Rallywood very straightly in the face, and the gleam of his eyes reminded the Englishman of glacie

"Knowing so many of our peculiarities, perhans Capt. Rallywood may no longer care to ioin us?" said the guardsman. Rallywood laughed with absolute good

"I both care and-dare!" he said pleasantly. Unglar's face cleared. "I am forgetting my errand," he said, with

a slight change of tone. "I have been sent by a lady to bring you to her. Will you follow As they approached the group the shorter of

the two black dominos spoke.

You need not trouble to introduce Capt. Rallywood, Anthony. We are aiready friends;

are we not, monsieur?"

The sweet high voice and the inconsequent childish laugh came upon, Rallywood with a slight shock.

"I could hardly have dared to claim so much." he said, "but I cannot forget that Mme. de Sagan"—
She laid her hand with a suspicion of ca-

ressing familiarity on his arm.
"Hush, then! Do you not know that it is inadmissible to mention the name of a masked lady until the clock strikes midnight? Cast. Rallywood has been stationed near the castle at Kofn Ford; we have therefore met-occasionally," continued the lady, addressing her-

self to Mile. Selpdorf.
"Capt. Rallywood is juckier than most of us."

"Listen!" Von Eimur raised his hand, "The happy moment arrives when the beautiful faces we long to see"-- He gave the rest of

the sentence to the ear of Mile, Selpdorf, who stood silently looking on at the little scene. At this moment the music broke off with a sudden clang: the dancers paused where they stood, as the great bell of the palace tower sent its strong, mellow boom of midnight out

over the frostbound city. Rallywood, on looking round an instant later, saw that masks and dominoss had disappeared. Opposite to him stood Valerie Selpdorf in a dress of some deep velvety shade, which bore, wrought upon its fexture here and there, tiny borseshoes embossed in fridescent jewels. A diadem of the same shape crowned her dark hair. Yet all the richness and delicacy of the

blended colorings struck Rallywood with only one odd remembrance-his own boot heel outlined in Revende mud upon a long suêde glove. The same association apparently occurred to Baron von Elmur. His giance fled from Valerie to Rallywood, and he smiled with some malice.

stamp of some idealized cavalry charger?" he "I should be eternally grateful if only I were of the cavalry!" A sudden intense expression, like a spasm of

hope or happiness, crossed Unzlar's pale face in a flash. A word sprang almost involuntarily

from his lips.

"The Guard"-- But the girl cut him remorselessly short.

"I do not idealize either the Guard"she paused, then went on without taking her eyes from Elmur's face-"or the cavalry. One has illusions, doubtless, but none so entirely absurd! I have idealized my own desire merely, I want good luck. I am 'Good She spoke the last two words in English, smiling back at Elmur.

The Baron bowed. He was not beaten yet. That is well," he exclaimed; "since the cavalry and Guard are disowned, it means that the good luck is for the poor diplomat ! Trovisionally, yes," said the girl. 'Mile, Selpdorf has already given this waltz

said Unziar, stepping forward. But Mile, Selpdorf placed her hand within the Baron's ready arm. "Later, Anthony," she answered. "His Excellency deserves a consulation prize, since my

reading of 'Good Luck' is not in the German language. She turned away, and; with her the group parted and scattered.

"You are very much interested; is it not

Ballywood started. The Countess spoke petulantty.

"Do you not know," she added, "that the custom in Revonde holds you to the partner with whom you find yourself when midnight rings? Valerie Selpdorf is embarrassed with partners-my cousin, Anthony Ungiar, who desires perhaps herself, but most certainly ber ortune, and our delightful German Minister. who uses all means that come to hand to win Massau for his master! But I should not say these foolish things to you, who are of the other party.

other party,"

I nev were dancing by this time, her head near his shoulder, her soft voice in his bending Of the other party?" he repeated. "I flattered myself that you said something else just now."
"Yes, a friend: but I made a mistake—I have none—no, not one true friend!" the voice said sessionately in his ear. "and my busband"—Lianwood almost lifted her clear of some

crowding couples, and then gently released her. In a vague way he felt the force of her appealing beauty as he had felt it intermittently for some months past. It touched him for the moment, but he was apt to forget beth it and the very existence of the woman herself directly he parted from her.

beauty as he had felt it intermittently for some months past. It touched him for the moment, but he was apt to forget both it and the very existence of the woman herself directly he parted from her.

"Count Sagan is Colonel-in-Chief of the Guard's he asked, and the question seemed to fit in with her train of thought.

She made no immediate response, but with a slight touch on his arm led nim to a flower-banked nuartment, about which a few couples were scattered in various convenient nooks. She sank upon a sequestered settee and made room for him beside her.

"Tes, he is Colonel-in-Chief of the Guard because they think him too old to act any longer as its real commandant. He was the first soldler in Massau and the most unequalled sportsman. He was all these things, and I am proud of them! But look at me!"

She rose languidly and stood befors him. Rt.!: wood saw a slight woman, tall and exquisitely fair, who carried her small head with its kieaming ecronet revally. Her skin and her soft flushed cheeks had the pure evanescent quality of a child's complexion. Moreover, her chief charm was perhaps her air of childlike innocence. Isolide of Sagan had seldom looked more lovely; she was honestly touched by self-pity and was peaking as the broud yet dishlusioned wife of a man hopelessy older than herself, and for the time being she believed earnestly in that view of her lot.

"All these things have been," she added softly, her eyes filling with tears, but I am: Can I ever be satisfied with what only was?" Rallywood's face altered. Like any other man in such a position he felt immensely sorry for her. She saw the advantage she had gained and at once the coquette awke in her.

"Capt. Itallywood," she sank down beside him again. I need a friend in whom I can trust, who will ask nothing of one, but who will give me all the things I most want."

The interpretation of this enizmatical speech was left to the ear, for the young counters was gazing at her bie black fan, where luminous friends have she eould make him look at her

min look at her as she desired—yet. It was but a matter of time.

"I think you may count upon me," said Rallywood at last. He believed in her, which was good; moreover, he meant what he is test the sneech was wholly lacking in the flavor which to the Countess Sagaa was the flavor of life.

which to the Countess Sagan was the navor of life.

"After all, it is little to promise, and I may not need your friendship for very long," she replied, plucking a glittering firefly from her fan and laying it on his sleeve with her sweet, light laugh. "Like a firefly I shall dance out my shert night, and die quickly before life grows stale."

my short night, and die quickly before lile grows stale."
Rails wood took out his cigarette case of Alfaun leather work and dronned the firefly with its sparkle of diamond dust into it.
"I don't like to hear you say that," he said in his quiet way, which the listener decided might mean so much or so little. "We must all go out some time. I suppose, but one always wants the heautiful things to live forever."

Meanwhile, can you spare me another dance?" dance?"

CHAPTER VI. THE CLOISTER OF ST. ANTHONY.

The night was drawing to a close. The long supper room was almost deserted. Among the lingerers were a lew officers in the uniform of the Guard, who stood talking together in one

"The fellow has given you no chance," Adelf

"Capt. Rallywood is luckler than most of us," Interposed another voice. "He seems to have an enviable facility for appearing where we bitners in vain wish to be. Only last week"— A tail Merhistopheles in scarlet silk, whose high shoulders lent him added height, had loined them. His peaked cap and feather itaraled with lurid points of lire. Countess largan turned upon him. "But, Baron, where is then your domino? It is not yet midnight," she exclaimed, her hand atill remaining on Rallywood's arm.

again appeared other faces. Behind them again appeared other faces. Railywood took in the meaning of the situa-tion at a giance. Without any perceptible pause he held out his hand to Counsellor. "Well, good-by, Major, since you are going. I will turn up to-morrow as early as I can, he

said.

Counselior understool also. In his position it was impossible to do anything for Raily-wood. As an agent secretly accredited by the Court of St James's, he must hold aloof and neutral in all personal quarrels. He appreciated the fact with which Railywood dismissed him from a seene which promised to be distinctly awkward, but his hand itched to shoot down the flower of the Guard of Maasau for the inselence that dared to doubt the worfor the insolence that dared to doubt the wor-thiness of an Englishman of birth to hold a

times of an Englishman of orth to hold a place among them.

"Good-by, Rallywood," he said gruffly, and turned on his heel to find himself face to face with Baron von Elmur and one or two officers of the frontier cavalry,

"There is about to be a storm, Major," ob-served Elmur, passing Counsellor with a cool

"There is about to be a storm, Maior," observed Elmur, passing Counsellor with a cool nod.

"So it seems. A storm in a teacup!" retorted the Major derisivley.

Meanwhile Railwood, with the men of the cavairy, his old brother officers, behind him, advanced to meet Unziar.

"We of the Guard are booling to breas glasses with you gentlemen of the cavairy before the night is over," began Unziar, alluding to a fashion among the military centingent in Maasau of taking wine together and breaking the glasses afterward as a sign of unalterable good feeling and mutual loyaity. Unziar included hallwood with the two officers beside him in this invitation, by a slight inclination of the head.

The three men accepted, but there was a little stiffening in the attitude of each, for hally wood had friends here who were resolved, if only for the honor of the frontier corns, to see their late comrade through the coming trouble.

Before the wine filled the glasses Adolf was already deep in the story of Unziar's shooting match with Abenfeidt.

"Allow me the honor of drinking with you, monsieur," said Colendorp to lialiywood. "It was in truth a notable terformance; we have never had even in the Guard a surer shot than Unziar," he added, alluding to the anecdote.

Rallywood had just time to make up his mind and determire upon his course of action.

The glasses clinked together and then clashed upon the floor, when the men set their heels upon them. Then Railywood turned to Unziar."

heels upon them. Then Kallywood tuned to Unziar. "I compliment you, Lieut, Unziar," he said. "I already knew that you were a swordsman not easily to be matched, since, in fact, the little affair at Alfau, when I had the plastics of acting as your second. But the pistol is, I venture to say, another matter."

I minr set his shoulders back with an indescribable suggestion of scornful deflance. "May I ask you to state precisely what you mean, monsicur?" he answered.

"I mean that although a man may shoot any number of swallows of a morning before breakfast it does not follow that he can hit a man at, say, twenty paces." Italiywood spoke deliberately.

deliberately.

The whole group of men listened in silence.
Then Unziar leaned toward Rallywood with a

Then United leaned toward Rallywood," he said sently.

Although every one in their immediate neighborhood was listening, from the other side of the halt they looked, no doubt, like a group of tall men engaged in the ordinary conversation and common amenities of society, the only noticeable difference being that United was a little more deprecating and low-voiced than usual. Elmur, standing near by, filled his class and drank, with a silent nod at United

nclar.

I shall be delighted to assist you in settling a question, returned hallywood then, conditing his eard, he added. I find I have an pagement for the last dance, some twenty strutes hence. May I recommend the inter-al to your consideration.

minutes hence. May I recommend the interval to your consideration?

The two frontier men stepped forward simultaneously to offer their services to fially wood. He thankel them and was about to accept when the first of these gentleman will resign in my favor I shall feel it an obligation, as I can then offer myself to Capt. Hallywood as the first seconds.

Courtesy demanded that Rallywood and his friends should fall in with this proposal, and liallywood, religing to Adiron, added:

"You have heard exactly what passed between Lieut. Until and myself, and I am the companion could have greated that the first of the first in the first of the first of the first in the first of t

sure I cannot do better than leave the matter in your hands in conjunction with my filend, Col. Jenard."

Colendorp and Adolf, as representing Unzlar, accompanied kiallywood's seconds to make the necessary arrangements. Meanwhile Rallywood strolled back to the gallery above the ballroom and looked down at the dancers. He could not see Valerie, but he remembered Selpdorf and his injunctions to avoid a quarrel, and smiled as he thought over the words, since that he had rushed an unwelcome foreigner into a position that could only be held by force of arms, even in the case of a Miasaun candidate of noble blood. At that moment he saw his own position clearly. He knew himself to be an unconsidered unit in the big game of dictionacy that was being played over his head, and he remembered that the day of human sacrifices is not yet, as many surpose, dutte a thing of the past. The gods are changed or called by other names and the high priest no longer dish his hands in the actual blood of the victim, but the whole deadly drama goes on repeating itself as it always must while the generations of men have their being under various modifications of the primeval system of the strong hand. That his life might be deliberately requisitioned by Selpdorf to forward some secret policy of his own was by no means as impossible supposition. Rallywood glanced at the clock. In another quarter of an hour here must either be dancing with Valerie Selpdorf to riying dead in the famous cloister of St. Anthony, which overlooked the river, and where many another man had died under much the same circumstances.

Rallywood laughed again and turned on his heel. At that reirod it did not seem to matter greatly which way it ended, but he was going to carry the undertaking through with what credit his wits afforded him.

In the meantime the ciosister of St. Anthony had been lit up from end to end with a brilliant light, and while the other two seconds went to fetch their respective princicals to the matter was tille the other two seconds with the so

The cioister was still echoins with the sound when Rallywood, accombanies by Jenard, arrived from the other side of the nalacs, where the staterooms were situated. On the way Jenard explained to Rallywood that the procedure decided upon as being best suited to the requirements of the case was simply alternate shots at twenty races.

Rallywood and Unziar being placed, one of the men sent a coin spinning un into the air. Then followed a long minute of silence.

St. Anthony's cloiser looks inward toward a quairangle; the outer side bordering the river has been glazed in, but in the interval of waiting Rallywood could hear the water plashing and sobbing against the foundations of the old walls and the wild sound of the isa sweeping down from the snowy frontier above Kofnford as it wailed and howled drearny along the dark water. He nimost started when Adiron, approaching him, said:

"You have won the first shot, Capt, Rallywood."

"Then, I am afraid'! must beg of youto'do me

Then I am afraid! I must beg of you to do me Then I am afraid! I must beg of you to do me the great favor of rearranging the affair, replied Rallywood. For if I should be unfortunate enough to kill Lieut. Under, or even to disable him, the question at issue between us must remain undeedded for at the best an indefinite time, and, rossibly for ever. If you recollect the matterover which he was pleased to differ with me was my expressed opinion that though a good shot may bring down swallows to perfection, he might miss a man at moderate distance.

You have won the toss," remonstrated Adiron.

the Guard, who stood talking together in one corner. The fellow has given you no chance," Addit was asyling gloomly.

"Have him in here! Kick him in here, if necessary!" said colendors.

"I don't think you will find him rejuctant," drawled Unziar. "I have spaken with him already this evening and I—ah—rather liked what he said."

"Then why haven't you arranged it? Tomorrow he joins—and he must never be bernitted to join the Guard! We might have asked Abenfealt to remove him, but the Guard assour glance at Unziar. "Has his Excellency the Chancellor thrown out too powerful a him about the fellox?—I saw mademoisele dancing with him this evening." Has his Excellency the Chancellor thrown out too powerful a him about the fellox?—I saw mademoisele dancing with him this evening. I mean a hint too powerful to be disregarded by those who wish to retain the good opinion of M. Schdorf!"

Unziar scowled.

"I bermit no one—not one of my own regiment—to insult me," he rejoined with a white biaze of anger on his pale face, and the white in his hand trembles! Adolf suddenly stretched across to take us a decanter, and catching the glass with the edge of his heavy ensulet knocked it from Unziar's fingers.

"We are losing sight of the main question," who happened to be the Captain of his own squadron. That it is unusual to be obliged to act so carefully as we have been advised to do in this case?

"Colendorp's dark face zrew darker, but the honor of the Guard overrode all personal considerations.

"I have been hasty, Unziar," he said in a stifled voice after a sight pause.

"In any prove my point," he prevention of the Guard overrode all personal considerations.

"As for that, it might be decided on a different basis later on, urged Adiron.

The ween this occasion from yours.

"As you wish, said Adiron, "out in case of exident is should wish to take the ornor runity of saying to you now that in the whole range of pleasure from the attitude of a principal than the said and principal than the said and principal than the said and pre "As for that, it might be decided on a different basis later on: "ursed Adiron.

For the second time that night Rallywood looked at his watch.

Thave, an emgagement in seven minutes." he said. "I shall be glad if you will convey my meaning to Lieut. Unziar."

"As you wish, said Adiron: "nut in case of accident I should wish to take the opportunity of saying to you now that in the whole range of my experience I have never derived more pleasure from the attitude of a principal than I have on this occasion from yours."

Adiron concluded with a bow and recrossed to the other seconds. Since the Englishman was determined to go to his grave in so excellent and gallant a fashion, by heaven, it was Victor St. Just Adiron who would except him to its brink with all the hours of a fine and hereditary courtess! He was a man-quite capable of losing himself in a cause; therefore, as he approached the other seconds, he came as a partisan of Rallywood's, resolved that his man should have his will in spite of all or any opposition.

"My principal," he began, "has just pointed out that this meeting is rather of the nature of the justification of an orinion than a quaried in the cridinary sense;" then repeating Rallywood's contention, he added: "You will see that it remains for Lieut, Unziar to prove himself in the right."

Colendore threw out a bitter cath, Adolf edgected softly and Jenard stood silent and in dismay. What could Rallywood mean by hrowing away his life. But Adiron backed up Rallywood: he was going to bring this thing to mass! Rallywood should have a last sails faction in this life, because he was worthy of it.

"It leant to rather because he was worthy of it.
"It Leant to rather thoses to withdraw his

will not go any further into the matter. For the rest, he has an appointment in less than seven minutes. On his behalf I can but in insist that his suggestion adords the only possible way out of the difficulty."

Reluctantly the other men yielded, Rally, wood had galacd a moral advantage. If he were destined to die, he would die he amanner, that would go down into the history of the duard. Hastily and in necondance with the request of Rallywood, the change of procedure was explained to tuzier.

The two opponents stood absolutely still, Rallywood's face wearing the expression of one who is politely interested in something that is hanceming to somebody cise.

At the signal tuzier raised his pistol and fired.

Rallywood stood in his place for some thirty

ness above the free ing ing seems," he said, "that I was right."

Unziar stared at him. Ballywood handed his pistol to Jenard, and, wing to the assembled men ceremon went on: I hope we may consider the affair co I hove we may consider the addition and a land moded, and, as I am engaged for the dance that about to begin I trust you will excuse me."

And with amother how he was gone. No one mode for a little while; then Ungiar walked ward the others with no very pleasant face, but Rally wood had done a thing above resonch, and in a manner above reproach, under not the easier for his cride to accept the result. But he was above all considerations, true

It none the easier for his tride to never the result. But he was, above all considerations, true to himself—to Anthony Unziar,
"Cent. Rallswood has made his roint and a reputation," he said at last, "I think, Colendors, you will agree with me that as men of honor we must consider the matter ended."
And in Capt. Rallswood's favor?" asked Colendors saddenly.
"Certainty. What do you say, gentlemen?" Adiron spoke with warmth.
"I sounces we must concede that it was

Adiron spoke with warmth.

"I suppose we must concede that it was neatly done and that Capt. Hair wood deserves his success," agreed Adolf with some constraint.

Uzziar's generosity rose to the occasion.

"Our gam in the Guard is your loss in the cavalry. Col. Jenned," he said, handsemely.

Jenned ackowledged the implied compliment and went off, leaving the three guardsmen together. gether.
"We shall have to swallow the Englishman
"We shall "said Colendoro blacker. "How came

We shall have to swallow the Englishman after all," said Colendoro blackir. "How came you to miss him. Unziar?"
Unziar raised his eyebrows.
"Who can tell? Luck I suppose," replied he "But I for one, am not sorry. The man's worth keeping."
"He shales well," commented Adolf. "But

worth searches.

"He shows well," commented Adolf, "But how will the Chief take it?"

I am going to find, the Colonel, and tell bim what has happened," said Utziar. "I don't know how you fellows feel about it, but I say for myself that the Guard might have done a good deal worse."

Col. Wallenloue was at that moment engaged in promenading the baltroom with Valerie Selpdorf on his arm. She belonged to that sufficiently rare type of girl whose society is sought and enjoyed by those older men who, as a rule, are content to stand by and which the current of younger life sweep by them, and who are in no sense gallants, but who find nen who are in no sense gallants, but who find the current of younger life sweep by them, nen who are in no series galants, but who find a strong attraction in talking to a young and elever woman on all kinds of subjects that too often lie outside the domain of the thoughts of youth. Youth, engrossed in the problem of self, persistently ignores those far more varied and profound problems to be found hidden in more experienced hearts and lives.

Wailenk up, who distructed all women and who was accordingly disikled by not a few, always claimed a waitz with Valeric whonever he had the good fortune to meet her. To him sie was a woman worth talking to first, and a pretty girl afterward.

Their dance having concluded, Wallenloup

well aware that the question was probably being settled once for all, as far as Rallywood was conserned, in St. Anthon's Ciolater, with-out the help of Col. Wallenioup. Suddenly she leaned a little more heavily on his are

his arm.
"Av dear mademoiselle, what is the mat-Alv dear mademoiselle, what is the mat-ter?" exclaimed the Colonel. "You are pale. What is it?"
I am tired, and the saloon has become so hot, but—thanks, I see my next variner com-ing." she answered as Italiywood came toward them.
Wallenloup looked down at her with some

Wallenloup looked down as her reproach.

This fellow?" he said.

"But why not?" she replied with a little smile. "Is he not of the Guard? Can I aspire to anything higher?"

"Cant. Railywood is not yet of the Guard?" said the old soldier; then he bowed coldly and turned on his heel without giving any symptom of having recognized Railywood beyond hie scornful words.

"I have come, mademoiselle," said Railywood.

The girl's pale cheeks were now touched with a delicate committee the The girls cale cheeks were now touched with a delicate carmine, such as shines between the fingers of a hand held up against a light. The flush seemed to heighten and enhance her beauty, or, raiser, it lent her a novel, kladling charm that struck home upon Hallywood's mood.

"What have you been doing?" she asked with interest.

interest. "Breaking glasses with the Guard," he replied. "That ceremony occasionally includes the

"That ceremony occasionally includes the use of a sword or a ristol."

"I have used neither," he replied.

"Are you, then, also a diplomatist?" she asked with quick seorn.

Itallywood pulled his mustache. He did not pretend to understand women, but that Mile. Selreforf should now despise him for escaping a danger she had half an hour ago tremitled lover and prayed to avert, seemed at best rather inconsistent.

"I have attempted to be diplomatic now and then, perhaps." he said, "but not always with

then, perhaps," he said, "but not always with conspicuous success."

"Diplomacy was never meant," she said, looking frowningly at him through her black lashes, "never meant to be a private virtue. Its only excuse lies in a national necessity."

"It Scindorf instructed me to avoid a quarrel, rejoined Indivwood.

"What do you suppose he meant," she asked bitterly, "knowing you had to deal with the Guard?"

"Ah." and a slow smile target in the said of the said

What do you surpose he meant, she asked bitterly. 'Knowing you had to deal with the Guard?'

"Ah?' and a slow smile dawned in his eyes; "mow I wonder what he meant, knowing I had to deal with the Guard?'

Vaierie frowned again; her words were not particularly expedient under the eircumstances, but she disliked having them flung back at her.

"I beg your pardon. Of course I know nothing of—of these things. The matter concerns you only. But I thought, and I am sorry lor the mistake, that you looked like a man."

There was a imple of sours behind her as she was about to, turn away, and Col. Wallenloup strode up hurriedly.

"Can't Railywood, why are you not wearing the uniform of your regiment—of the Guard?" he asked in a loud tone.

There was a stir among the respite about them; many stopped and drew menrer to hear the end of this unpresedented conversation.

Because I intend to resign my commission to morrow, sir," replief fallywood haughtly.

"On the part of the Guard I beg of you to reconsider that decision," urged Wallenloup.

He shook hands gravely with the young man, then detaching a star of gun metal from his breast he awkwardly attempted to fasten it to the langel of Railywood's coat. "I see you have not the star of the Guard. May I give you mine? Unziar, see to this: I cannot attach. . Col. Walienloup; that should rather be

No. Col. Walterloup; that should rather be my duty," said the Countess Sagan, who happened to be standing by.

Wallenloup grunted.

"As the wife of our Colonel-in-Chief, madame, I feel sure your kindness will be appreciated." he said grimly.

Mine, de Sagan's blue eyes' glanced up into Rally wood's face as her flugers touched his breast.

Rallywood's face as her flugers touched his breast.

No, as your friend," she said softly.

Then all at once Rallywood discovered how numerous were his friends and well-wishers in Massau. He was overwhelmed with congratulations and introductions, but the memory of that night which lingered longest with him was the tall flure of Valerie Selndorf standling asside and looking coldly on. She extressed no bure at the turn events had taken, she offered no congratulation, but she use! I nrian with what was only too blainly a mocking comment on the little scene, and the next moment was floating down the long room in the young Mansaun's arms to the music of 'he iast waltz.

To be continued. To be continued.

JUNEAU, THE MAN AND THE CITY.

One Bit of Luck of the Prespector Who Founded Alaska's Chief Town.

Old Joseph Juneau, founder of the Alaskan own which bears his name, who died at Dawson City on May 13, was an inveterate and incurable gold seeker. He was a French Canadian by birth. All his life he did nothing but prospect. He mined in California and in nearly all the Western States: found gold, too but was never able to keep it. The last thirty years of his life he spent in southenstern Alaska and the Yukon Valley.

He was an old man already when he uncovered the ledge where the town of Juneau now stands. It was his great day. There was no gamble about it this time; there was the gold, tons of it, and he was the owner. It is recorded that after making the discovery he sat down and west, bewalling the long life of poverty and hardship he had endured and the little time b His tears were shed more or less in vain. In three short but merry years he had not a cent. That was a period of great pride to the old miner, nevertheless. The town grew rapidly, everybody prospered, and Juneau was the oracle of the place. His only rival was a man named Harris, who had struck it rich at about the same time, and when the camp reached the point of permanence and it became necessary to give it a name, honors were easy between the two men. An oldest inhabitant describes the controversy as follows: "You see, while we was considerin' the merits of Harrisburg as a name for the camp, why, Harris he stood the liquor for the hull crowd, and all the time we was talkin' of callin' it Juneau, why, Joe he kept the boys ginned up; so between 'em there

wasn't no need to hurry about decidin'." Juneau never made another big strike, and toward the end of his career became almost a vagrant. When the Klondike excitement was at its height he managed with great difficulty to secure a grub-stake and went over the trail as cheerfully and as hopefully as he had crossed the plains to Calfornia forty-five years before. Last winter was a hard one, even as hard win ters go in Dawson, but he stood it fairly well until spring. Then he began to fail, and a very light attack of pneumonia took him off. He died as he had lived-a miner. In a rude camp,

surrounded only by men, he drifted over the last divide He lived to see the town which bears his name the greatest city of Alaska, and its probable capital in the near future. On the other hand, Juneau has never acquired any civic dignity, and it is hard to conceive of anybody except a miner or an official deliberately taking up his residence there. No one in Juneau ever speaks of it as a town; it is still "the camp." A peaks of it as a town; it is still "the camp." A tore desolate spot is impossible to imagine in the opposite side of the bay is Donglas Islaid, where the famous Treatwell mine is cated. The smoke from its chlorination works as killed every green thing in the neighborhood, and the country is as barren of vegetation is the valley of the Dead Sea. The mountains as so abruptly from the sea that there is carcely any level ground for the town to cling it. The streets are winding and dirty and the colors cover tightly against the sidewalks. In every corner is a saloon—Alaska being

to. The streets are winding and dirty and the houses crowd tightly against the sidewalks. On every scorner is a saloon-Alaska being strictly problistion-and next to every saloon is a dame house. The next place of business is bound to be either a Yukon outflitting establishment or a curio shop for the luring of the summer tourist.

A steady downcour of rain nine months in the rear makes the winter aspect of the camp anything but cheerful, but Juneau on a summer evening is about the liveliest town on earth. It is bright daylight until Il o'clock at night, and during the entire twenty-four hours the shops are open, the cheatres are in full blast and the planes of all the dance houses play as madiy as they can. The narrow streets are thronged with people, and occasionally one meets a min who is not a miner of a woman who is respectable. This does not happen often, but it is liable to occur. People dine at whatever hour pleases them. Often a party sits flown at 1 o clock in the morning.

Like all other Alaska towns, except Skarway, which had a brief season of lawlessness, Juneau is a fairly orderly place. Murder and theft are almost anknown. The reason is that way, which had a brief season of jawlessness, juneau is a fairly orderly place. Murder and theft are almost unknown. The reason is that there is no place of highing for the criminal. He cannot run away. If he takes to the bush he terishes from hunger, and if he attempts to escape in a bont he is readily overtaken.

Crushed by a Crumbling Tombstone From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tourno, June 24. Bansom Terry, baby boy of John Terry of Wauseen, was killed at that place this morning in an unusual manner. The monument the stone crumbled and fell. A large piece struck the child killing it almost instantly. The family were going to the grave-side of another child they had buried a short

PLANTATION PAGEANTS.

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Susan west into ecstasies over this wonderful little creature, which can fly without wings.

Aunt Minervy Ann nodded her head vigorously at this and drew Buster John toward her, exclaiming. "Lif you allers do dat you'll had left in which to spend and enjoy his fortune. strange as it may seem, though Buster John

rible creatures you ever saw she was the most horrible. She breathed as loud as a possum

susan weak into exact sees so ever this conderting little creature, which can fly without wings, and which, though it is the wildest and most elusive of animals, is tame the moment it is captured. It lay cuddled in Aunt Minervy's hand in apparent content and closed its pretty eyes as she gently stroked it.

"Oh, it's mine: it's mine:" cried Sweetest Susan.

"Well, take it, theh," said Buster John with apparent generosity.

Sweetest Susan held out her hands and then drew them back, as her brother knew she would. "Is it quite tame?" she asked.

"He's tame ter me." responded Aunt Minervy Ann. "I cotch him yistiddy."

"Then he's not tame." said Sweetest Susan decisively, putting her lands behind her.

She was sorry the next moment, for Buster John, remembering what he had heard Old Fountain say about the harmlessness of flying squirrels and how sinful it was to kill them, since the act always brought bad luck, lifted the little creature tenderly from Aunt Minervy Ann's hand and piaced it in his own. Then, relenting a little, he placed it in Sweetest Susan's and drew Buster John toward on the lick of the tree and the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach the hawk moved after me and tried to reach me with her hooked beak. I made a dash nud the hawk and the

dren felt in duty bound to show him to their mother and to their grandfather. The White-haired Master, who never allowed any one to kill or pursue the gray squirrels on his place.

der where you was brung un! He was the jolliest chap, Jim was, that ever drove a niterglycerine wagon over these humpy and thumpy roads of our'n. He was all heart, Jim Bullinger was. Always wanting to do something to help somebody along and give him a lift, I'll never forget the lift he gave me, right at this road. That creek down there at the foot o' this mountain is the Pisen Run Branch of Tanglebottom Creek. I was on my way down the mountain, right about here, to shoot a well over vonder about two mile, hoofing it like I was to-day, when Jim overhauled me with; his team, carrying the niter-glycerine that we was going to do the shooting with.

"Git in," says Jim. "What's the use o' walkin?" got load enough already," because I didn't like the notion of riding down this mountain with

Jim and his niterglycerine.
"'Tooh!" says Jim. "I've only got forty
quarts aboard. Git in!"
"'Jim." I says, "drive on. I need exercise, and I'm going to walk down." " "Blast your gizzard " says Jim, grinning

the cheerfu lest kind, "git in and ride, or I'll waste some glycerine right here!"
""And as he said that he reached back and picked up a can of the stuff and raised it up. ready to slam it against a rock. Maybe Jim wouldn't a slammed it, but he was jolly and full of jokes, and I didn't want to see the niterglycerine wasted, for it had cost money and wasn't mine. So I clum in the wagon along-

kide of Jim.
"I always help a neighbor whenever I kin,"-rays Jim, as we joited along. "For instance," says he, "that nigh hoss there belongs to Sam Huley. Sam hain't never drove him but three times, and the hess run away with him every time. He run away with Sam with him every time. He run away with Sam tremendous vesterday," says Jim. "Smashed Sam's wagon all to flinders and smashed Sam blame nigh as bad. I went around to see Sam blame nigh as bad. I went around to see Sam last night. He had a couple o' leas broke and his head was scrunched consider ble. I had to jam my ear seek ag'in Sam's mouth," says Jim, "to hear what he was sayin. He asked me if I'd do him a Insor, and I told him that all he had to do was to sing out what it was and I'd do it all right. Then he told me that if that hoss of his n could be drove three mile at a stretch without runnin away he could get a couple o' hundred for the critter. Sam said he needed the money the worst way, but he said he didn't believe it could be done; aut that if it rould be done he knowed I could do it I told Sam, of course, that I'd try the hoss, but that I was aleard he was too fur gone to win that mency. That didn't make no difference though," says Jim. "Bein always ready to helt a neighbor and give him a lift, I fold Sam of course, that I'd try the hoss with his whit.

"Then Jim saused and gave me a cheerful look. Then he p inted toward the hosses with his whit.

"That's Sam's hoss yonder," he says. "That high one. And I'm tryln' him," says Jim. "I fort to put in the next few seconds trytremendous vesterday," says Jim. "Smashed

his white.
""That's Sam's hoss yonder," he says, "That nigh one. And I'm tryin' him," says Jim.
"I sort o' nut in the next lew seconds trying to think up something to say that would be appropriate to riding on a load of nitergiverine behind a runway horse. I don't know what it would have been, for I never got it all the way thought up. Sam Huley's horse saw its chance just then, and the next second we were bowing down the road like a railroad train. I've seen runaway horses doing some pretty fail heks in my time, but that one of Sam's could have beat all the others rolled into one. Why that giveerine didn't go off before we had gone twenty leef I don't know. I could hear the cans ratting like milk cans in one. Why that giverine didn't go on two least one. Why that giverine leaf I don't know. I we had gone twenty leat I don't know. I could hear the cans rathing like milk cans in a wagon. Jim Bullinger rulled and saved on them norses till he was black in the face, but he might as well have tried to stop the wind, "This here is too bad." I heard nim sav, "I worry for Sam all through," he says. "I

Annt Minervy Ann hunched and shook her head. 'It can fly some," she admitted, "but 'Itan't no bird.'

"The a bat.' guessed Buster John.

"Dey ain't no feathers on it, but 'tain't no bat."

"Well, it can't be a flying fish, "said Buster' John.

Azain Aunt Minervy Ann shook her head.

"Tain't no flyin' fish. Et 'Iyou want flyin' fish you't hafter go ter dem what seed um fly."

"Why don't you guess. Drusilla?" said Sweetest Susan.

"Kaze I aiready know what 'tis," replied Drusilla.

"Yhat is it, den?" snapped Aunt Minervy Ann.

"It's a whipperwill. Dat's what 'tis," replied Drusilla.

"Et I had de will I'd whip you here an now!' exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann. armestly: "oat's how much whipperwill I got in dish yor basket."

"Don't tell us what it is," said Buster John.
"Just tell us'a little something about it and let us guess."

"Don't tell us what it is," said Buster John.
"Just tell us'a little something about it and let us guess."

"Don't tell us what it is," refed Sweetest Susan: "It's a "It's a "Ryla goultre," and it was need in de tree, and yit 'tain't no bird."

"Oh, I know what it is," refed Sweetest Susan: "It's a "It's a "Ryla goultre," and how any on real of any dion't letter the whore the where the special and everything eige fout on the special and everythin

Then, rederline a little, be the district Sweet.

And Micros An modeled ber based at toward and are shorter John toward before continued. It was after short toward to the property of the continued of the property of the property of the continued of the property of the property